

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

Get you a place.

*King.* How fares our Cousin Hamlet?

*Ham.* Excellent Ifaith.

Of the Camelions dish, I eat the aire,

Promis'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

*King.* I haue nothing with this answer Hamlet.

These words are not mine.

*Ham.* No nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i'th the Vniuersitie you say,

*Pol.* That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

*Ham.* What did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,

*Brutus* kild me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calfe there.

Be the Players readie?

*Ros.* I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

*Ger.* Come hither my deare Hamlet, sit by me.

*Ham.* No good mother here's mettle more attractive.

*Pol.* O, oh, doe you marke that.

*Ham.* Ladie shall lie in your lap?

*Oph.* No my Lord.

*Ham.* Doe you thinke I meant Countrie matters?

*Oph.* I thinke nothing my Lord.

*Ham.* That's a faire thought to lie between maids legs.

*Oph.* What is my Lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merrie my Lord.

*Ham.* Who I?

*Oph.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* O God! your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but be merrie, for looke you how cherefully my mother lookes, and my father djd within's two houres.

*Oph.* Nay, tis twice two moneths my Lord.

*Ham.* So long, nay then let the Deuill weare black, for Ile haue a Sute of Sables; O heavens, die two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-live his life halfe a yeare, but her Ladie a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

*Enter*

## Prince of

*The Trumpets sound*

*Enter a King and a Queen*

*he takes her up, and declines her  
upon a banke of flowers, shee se  
in another man, take's off his  
cares, and leaues him: the Qu  
passionate action, the poysoner  
seem to condole with her, the de  
the Queen with gifts, she seem*

*Oph.* VVhat meanes this

*Ham.* Marry it is munched

*Oph.* Belike this show in

*Ham.* We shall know by

The Players cannot keepe t

*Oph.* Will a tell vs wha

*Ha.* I, or any show that y

to show, heele not shame t

*Oph.* You are naught, y

*Prologue.* For vs and for

Heere stooping to your cle

We begge your hearing pa

*Ham.* Is this a Prologue

*Oph.* Tis brieft my Lor

*Ham.* As womans loue.

*Enter King and*

*King.* Full thirty times

*Neptunes* salt wash, and *Te*

And thirty dosen Moones

About the world haue time

Since Loue our hearts, and

Vnite comutuell in most fa

*Quee.* So many iourneye

Make vs againe count ore

But woe is me you are so fi

So farre from cheere, and fi

That I distrust you, yet the

Discomfort you my Lord